



CHILDREN'S BOOK
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Book

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THE LIFE
OF
JACK SPRAT,
HIS WIFE,
AND THEIR COMICAL CAT.



MANCHESTER:

Printed and sold by A. Swindells, Hanging
bridge; also sold by T. Smith,
Travelling Stationer.

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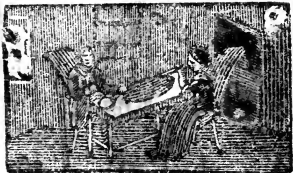
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not the power of a letter.

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JACK Sprat could eat no fat,
His wife could eat no lean,
And so, betwixt them both,
They lick'd the platter clean.
Jack eat all the lean,
Joan eat all the fat,
The bone they pick'd quite clean,
Then gave it to the cat.



When Jack Sprat was young,
He dressed very smart,
He courted Joan Cole,
And he gained her heart ;
In his fine leather doublet,
And old greasy hat,
O what a smart fellow
Was little Jack Sprat.



Jack Sprat was the bridegroom,
Joan Cole was the bride,
Jack said, from the church
His Joan home should ride ;
But no coach could take her,
The lane was so narrow,
Said he, then I'll make her
Ride in a wheel-barrow.



As Jack Sprat was wheeling
 His wife by a ditch,
 The barrow turn'd over,
 And in she did pitch.
 Says Jack, she'll be drown'd,
 But Joan did reply,
 I don't think I shall,
 For the ditch is quite dry.



Jack brought home his Joan,
 Quite safe, I declare,
 When in came the cat,
 That had got but one ear:
 Says Jone, I'm come home, puss,
 Pray how do you do?
 Miss Puss wagg'd her tail,
 But said nothing but mew.



Jack Sprat took his gun,
And went to the brook,
He shot at the drake,
But he killed the duck ;
He brought it to Joan,
Who a fire did make,
To roast the fat duck,
While Jack went for the drake.



The drake was a swimming,
With his curly tail,
Jack Sprat came to shoot him,
But happen'd to fail ;
He let off his gun,
But missing his mark,
The drake flew away,
Crying, quack, quack, quack.



Jack Sprat, to live pretty,
 Now bought him a pig,
 It was not very little,
 It was nat very big,
 It was not very lean,
 It was not very fat,
 It will serve for a grunter
 For little Jack Sprat.



Then Joan went to market
 To purchase some fowls,
 She bought a jackdaw,
 And a couple of owls;
 The owls they were white,
 The jackdaw was black,
 They'll make a rare brood,
 Says little Joan Sprat.



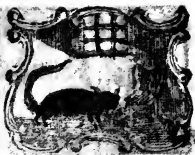
Jack Sprat bought a cow,
His Joan for to please,
For Joan she could make
Both butter and cheese;
Or pancakes and puddings,
Without any fat,
Notable housewife
Was little Joan Sprat.



Joan Sprat went a brewing
A barrel of ale,
She put in some hops,
That it might not turn stale ;
But as for the malt,
She forgot to put that,
This is brave sober liquor,
Said little Jack Sprat.



Jack Sprat went to market,
 And bought him a mare,
 She was lame of three legs,
 And as blind as she could stare;
 Her ribs they were bare,
 For the mare had no fat,
 She looks like a racer,
 Says little Jack Sprat.



Jack and Joan went abroad, v 174
 Puss took care of the house,
 She caught a large rat, . . . 180
 And a very small mouse; 184
 She caught a small mouse, 188
 And a very large rat, 192
 You're an excellent hunter, (200
 Says little Jack Sprat, 204



Now I've told you the story
 Of little Jack Sprat ;
 Of little Joan Cole,
 And the poor one-eared cat :
 Jack now is got rich,
 And has plenty of pelf,
 If you'd know any more,
 You may tell it yourself.

